

1419
H
D U B L I N:

A

SATIRICAL ESSAY,

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

BY A YOUNG AUTHOR.

In Virtue's cause I draw a daring pen,
Defend the good, encounter wicked men.

YOUNG.

D U B L I N:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE generous Subscribers to the publication of DUBLIN will please to take notice, that the author (in order to accommodate the circumstances of some, and provide resting places for all his readers) has been induced to divide his Essay into five books, to be printed successively, and sold for a *British sixpence* each. The first (which is merely a prelude to the rest) he now offers to the Public; all are ready for the press, and the Subscribers may depend on having each succeeding Book punctually transmitted to them on its publication.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

Henry Theophilus Clements,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY
COUNCIL, DEPUTY VICE-TREASURER, &c.

SIR,

THE following Essay, with humble confidence, I place under your protection. Though your name has never, until now, adorned a page of mine, I rejoice to acknowledge, with gratitude, that it has given a sanction to my more juvenile attempts, and that from you, as an individual, they have received their greatest encouragement. The tribute then of this dedication, on my part, I think most justly your due, and I trust that you will continue to extend your patronage to a muse whose praise your virtues have secured, and the lash of whose satire you consequently can have no reason to fear.

Here I have to lament, that sincerity hath too seldom dictated the encomiums of a dedication; hence I feel myself necessitated to restrain the finest movement of my soul, lest persons unacquainted with your worth, should mistake my honest praise for the ebullition of an heated imagination, or the
warm

warm effusion of a grateful heart. But by men who have the happiness of truly knowing your goodness, I would not be thought to exaggerate should I say, that a more expanded bosom, a more liberal turn of mind, a clearer judgment, a bolder courage, or a stricter adherence to truth, than you are in full possession of, and have at different times exhibited, can seldom be met with in the most extensive acquaintance with the Great. In your public capacity I have long beheld you with pleasure, wisely steering the middle course—neither meanly acquiescing with the bad, or stubbornly opposing the good measures of government; being a striking instance that a Patriot may enjoy a place, and that loyalty to your sovereign is not incompatible with love to your country and good will to your friends. Should the trifle which I thus intrude on your leisure fortunately please you, I shall consider my labour in writing it fully recompensed, and shall rejoice that I have been in any wise conducive to the happiness of my earliest patron, whose many virtues I have long revered, and whose generosity I have amply experienced, and shall ever think it my greatest honour to be permitted thus publicly to subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your much obliged, most devoted,

and very humble servant,

The AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

GENTLE READER,

THE incorrectness of the following slight performance, obliges me to trouble you with a few apologetical words by way of preface. My essay was written professedly for the purpose of being made public; and therefore should have been brought to the highest state of perfection attainable by the author. It was indeed at first intended to have been a regular poem descriptive of every thing worth notice in the metropolis; but herein I have failed: for having been obliged (for the purposes of business which has since occupied almost my whole time) to retire from town, where I had resided at the period when I undertook the following work, my information and leisure were consequently abridged, and the full possession of both these was requisite to enable me to perfect so arduous an undertaking; hence I have been necessitated to relinquish my first design, and instead of a regular poem, have produced an irregular essay, composed of desultory sketches, the premature offspring of hurry and itinerary study.

As

As to please the variety of tastes is an impossibility, I have not attempted it, but have avoided so far as the nature of my work would admit, the giving offence to any man or set of men.

Vice, Folly and Fashion, I have satirized wherever they have arose to view; but have not pointed the shafts of invective at individuals, possessing, I trust, too much christianity to be the enemy of any of my fellow-creatures: I therefore most earnestly entreat my readers to beware how and to whom they apply the several characters I have drawn, lest while they would attach the cap to the head of another, it should be more aptly fitted to their own. With this request I take my leave, that you will judge with candour, and read rather to be pleased than to criticise; nor criticise at all until you have first purchased the Book; make it your own, and then use it as you think proper. If there can be found one line in the whole work that tends to offend good men, or promote vice, let it be pointed out, and it shall be washed away by the repentant tears of

The AUTHOR.

D U B L I N :

A

SATIRICAL ESSAY.

B O O K I.

THE rural Theme no more my Muse invites,
Nor painted mead, nor flowing stream delights;
From scenes where brutes enjoy the kindly soil,
While men for bread on barren mountains toil;
Where little landlords rule in petty state, 5
And starve their tenants that their bees may eat;
For hares and partridge resolutions frame,
And injure mankind to protect the game;
From native, long neglected country scenes,
Where peasants mourn their insufficient means, 10
And, crush'd beneath a tyrant master's hand:
Sigh hunger o'er th' uncultivated land.
With indignation fir'd I turn away,
The gayer scenes of folly to survey;
To paint the vices of a city throng, 15
And DUBLIN, pride of cities! claims my song.

B

Once

Once ASHCLED nam'd, and where of old 'tis said
 Young AULIANA liv'd, a lovely maid,
 ALPINUS daughter, and his darling child,
 Fair as the spring, and as the summer mild, 20
 Ripe as autumnal fruits in orchards grow,
 Yet, was her bosom chaste, as winter's snow.
 She lov'd a youth, but never told her pain,
 She lov'd a youth, but ah! she lov'd in vain;
 The starting tear oft trembled in her eye, 25
 And oft her breast heav'd with the sudden sigh.
 In vain the table was with dainties crown'd,
 In vain the merry jest and dance went round,
 In vain sweet music did its charms impart,
 To sooth the tender anguish of her heart, 30
 Save that she fixt to one lov'd point her mind,
 She loath'd herself, the world, and all mankind;
 Lost in the waking, fond, delirious dream,
 She saw not youthful ALPIN's equal flame.
 And ALPIN, who with equal suff'rings strove, 35
 Ne'er thought of tender AULIANA's love.
 At length to Liffey's fatal wave she hi'd,
 And plung'd despairing in the rapid tide:
 Rising, she sees her lover on the shore,
 She wav'd her hand, and sunk to rise no more. 40
 Ah! luckless AULIANA, hapless maid,
 Frantic with grief, the wretched ALPIN said,
 Then sudden plunging, clasp'd her faded charms,
 And sunk to endless night within her arms.
 Hence to perpetuate his daughter's fame, 45
 ALPINUS call'd the city by her name;

But

But still corruption added something new,
Till it EBLANA, and soon DUBLIN grew.

Now, as I write, imagination's eyes
I turn, where pennants flow and turrets rise, 50
Mast over mast, spire above spire ascends,
Till in the clouds the mingled prospect ends.
Charm'd with the scene, in raptures I survey
The flowing river and the busy quay.
Now o'er the splendid square my eyes do roam, 55
Now fix'd attentive on the public dome.
The crowded street with smiles I wander through,
And now the private palace strikes my view.
All, all I see, my patriot bosom warms,
And with a thousand sweet sensations charms. 60
Yet while these shining scenes my thoughts employ
In the mid rapture of increasing joy,
A rising sigh, a silent tear declares,
That DUBLIN has its follies, crimes and cares;
Such crimes as must the hope of mercy lose, 65
And call down vengeance from the tow'ring muse,
Who justly lets the scourge of satire fall,
And dips description's pen in ink of gall.

Now bright Aurora, in her morning gown,
Arises, blushing for the slumb'ring town, 70
And as she bids the torpid sluggard rise,
The god of day announces o'er the skies.

See, from the arms of twining Lais fled,
 The guilty husband seeks a guilty bed,
 And wond'ring finds, curst with deserv'd disgrace,
 The print of limbs that warm'd and fill'd his place,

Look yonder, where the murd'rous son of prey
 Sculks through the alley from approaching day ;
 Sudden he dives down to the cellar deep,
 And moans his mangled conscience in his sleep; 80
 Sees air-drawn daggers,* gibbets, death and hell,
 Till night recalls him from his dreary cell.

Hark, at the barrack beats the thund'ring drum,
 Come, from your beds of straw, you soldiers, come;
 The soldier, more by fear than glory sway'd, 85
 Prays a few oaths, and hastens to parade.

Behold yon bacchanal, with bloated face,
 Just reeking from some harlot's vile embrace ;
 As he with execrations lifts his eyes,
 Like Pentheus sees a double fun arise. 90

Now at the purl-shop, the mechanic pale
 Pours down his morning draught of bitter ale ;
 At his employer's door then patient stands,
 And waits the hour with knocker in his hands,

Warn'd by the early bell to come and pray, 95
 To church the angry parson takes his way ;

No

* Macbeth.

No brethren there! then how shall he go on?
Why, surely, with 'dearly beloved John'.

Scarce here and there a feeble lamp does burn,
And hackney coaches to their stands return; 100
Smoke doth from ev'ry chimney top ascend,
And various cries their harsh discordance blend.

Now greedy prelates at the Castle wait,
Insatiate beg, and fawn, and cringe in state,
To catch the whole, like Levi's children try, 105
While humbler curates preach, and starve, and die.

The muttering schoolboy now with vacant head,
And fatchel stuff'd with learning, books, and bread,
Thinks on the future suff'rings of the day,
Anticipates the rod, and sighs for play. 110

Lo, soft, miss Tom has quit his bed of down,
To drag his weight of boots o'er half the town;
His smart round hat, and monst'rous club disclose,
Th' armorial ensigns of our modern beaux;
Powder, pomatum, perfumes, clothe his head, 115
Its lining fustian, Spanish snuff, and lead.
Each modest female, as she passes by,
With blushes meets his languid, staring eye.
But be not vain, poor fop, or e'er suppose,
Each blushing virgin loves thy powder'd nose; 120

DUBLIN.

DUBLIN's bright fair ones blush alone to see
 The human form divine so spoil'd in thee;
 While, ah! poor witlefs things, themselves pursue
 The very follies that they blame in you.

See Blowzalind, by Heav'n already blefs'd 125
 With ample prominence of either breast,
 On her huge bosom gauze and muslin heap,
 Still adding to the error of her shape,
 Till to her nose the tumid wonders rise,
 And almost hide the lustre of her eyes: 130
 Because slim Thais doth with care expose
 Her artificial bobbies to the beaux;
 For whom what beauties nature has deny'd,
 French ingenuity has well supply'd.

O! now some sylph to Chloe's chamber bear 135
 My modest muse, to view the goddess there:
 She wakes at twelve, and wonders why till two
 One might not sleep who's nothing else to do,
 Rings for her maid, and tott'ring to her glass,
 Sighs at the change ten hours had brought to pass;
 Her meagre cheeks the lily do disclose,
 And all the blooming beauties of the rose, }
 O dire mischance! has fasten'd to her nose.
 A thousand different washes now she tries,
 She plaits her lips, she ogles with her eyes, 145
 Puts on her patches, rouge, and rich attire,
 And out she goes to set the world on fire.

Bright

Bright as the sun, mild as the lunar ray,
 Now Heav'n defend all honest hearts I say!
 But let her paint and patch whene'er she will, 150
 Poor Chloe grows more old and ugly still.

But you, ye fair; that grace the city throng,
 Pride of our isle, and glory of my song;
 Whose charms Circassians might with wonder
 view,

Bright as the goddess fam'd Appelles drew: 155
 Why, charmers, why with baleful arts destroy
 The boast of nature, and the lover's joy?

Why lay the noxious rouge upon that face
 Where now already blooms the vermeil grace?
 Or why with washes strive to add new charms 160
 To the consummate lily of your arms?

Since more true beauties deck one Irish toast
 Than a whole world of painted dolls can boast.
 Let art patch up proud Gallia's olive dames,
 And form its beauties on the banks of Thames; 165
 Let th' Italian courtesan display
 Her white-wash'd face, spoil'd shape, and rich
 array;

But curs'd be she, who, first from foreign parts,
 Brought upon Irish ground these baneful arts,
 Destroying nature's, virtue's loveliest plan, 170
 And rend'ring woman hateful unto man.

Say, men of taste, who delicately prove
 The sweet sensations of congenial love,

What

What passions feel you, when like Phaeton
 Bright Delia drives the chariot of the sun; 175
 In shining trappings are her steeds array'd,
 Her milk-white beaver helmet-like display'd,
 While mingled plumes nod terror from her head; }
 She wields her whip, it seems a spear afar,
 Her chariot rattles all the din of war; 180
 Behind, like modern military beaux,
 Pie-colour'd myrmidons appear in rows;
 Below her wheels on gilded axles turn,
 Above like fire-brands the flambeaux burn;
 While all the woman throbs within her breast, 185
 She shines without the warrior confess'd,
 And with prepost'rous arts, till now unknown,
 Exciteth pity and contempt alone.

'Tis now the busy and the noon-tide hour,
 When through the streets the crowds tumultuous
 pour; 190
 Snug in their shops, rich dunces sneer and lie,
 As wit and honesty in rags pass by;
 Poor weeping creditors on foot reproach
 The wealthy bankrupt rolling in his coach;
 Virtue on pattens o'er the kennel strides, 195
 And vice triumphant in her chariot rides.
 Now cumb'rous wealth its trappings doth display
 Refulgent glitt'ring in the blaze of day;
 The horses bound, the powder'd lacquies wait,
 Unwieldy luxury moves on in state, 200
 Spreads

Spreads far and wide a dazzling pompous pall,
 In fun'ral grandeur for the nation's fall :
 What, tho' rich Dives decks with gems his w—e,
 Squeez'd from the labours of th' industrious poor;
 What, tho' for him the syren tunes her song, 205
 And the rich gilded chariot rolls along;
 What, tho' he sleeps on down, breathes scented air,
 Tho' human ponies draw him in his chair,
 Tho' India's diamonds ornament his dress,
 Can private wealth give public happiness, 210
 While poverty contiguous droops her head,
 And begging millions groan for daily bread?
 Yon troop of mendicants that meet my sight,
 Pining for want, and lost to all delight,
 In nature's plaintive language tell me true, 215
 Never to judge the many by the few;
 For while superfluous wealth attracts the eye,
 Thousands unseen, unknown, unpitied die:
 Unhappy he, who melts at human woe,
 Yet no relief or comfort can bestow; 220
 From importuning mis'ry forc'd to fly,
 Or only give the unavailing sigh.

O! had I riches—but, my soul, no more;
 Thou ne'er hast felt a wish for wealth before;
 Heav'n's equal sway with gratitude endure, 225
 Who makes fools wealthy, keeps the poet poor.

Far from the tumult let me rove awhile,
 Where green Kilmainham rears the royal pile,

Thro' its cool gallery, O let me stray,
 Or on its verdant grass-plats waste the day; 230
 Smile with the vet'ran o'er his homely meal,
 Sweeten'd by heark'ning to the oft-told tale;
 While loud is heard the cripple jester's jokes,
 Who many a time had ply'd his witty strokes
 Midst laughing squadrons from Hibernia far, 235
 And smooth'd with smiles the horrid front of war.
 "When I was young," begins the wonder new,
 Till repetition makes him think it true;
 And all attentive his astonish'd son
 Admires the feats his father never done. 240

The youthful soldier in the royal dome,
 With raptur'd eye, beholds his future home;
 Thence marching to the thunder of the war,
 He dares the foe and courts the honest fear;
 Assur'd if once returning home with life, 245
 To gain for hardship ease, and peace for strife;
 Here to recount his feats, and proudly tell
 How for Great Britain Irish heroes fell.

Lo! cross the stream, and gently rising high,
 The park's delightful coverts catch the eye, 250
 Where blazing high the Phoenix doth appear,
 And bids us think on Stanhope * with a tear;
 Who, it erecting, did his taste display,
 Himself a rarer Phoenix of his day.

O never

* Earl of Chesterfield.

O never by my grateful muse forgot 255
 Be the dear scenes that bless this beauteous spot;
 Sweet vary'd views that swell the thought refin'd,
 And give romantic ideas to the mind:
 Fresh breathes the living prospect all around,
 Which skies alone or distant mountains bound,
 While distant charms the eye with joy surveys,
 Or nearer beauties more minutely please.
 Here rises high the proudly splendid dome,
 There droops the gentle shepherd's humble home;
 Here lie the batt'ring guns in dread array, 265
 And there the shipping and the distant sea.
 Here sports the fawn sweet o'er the velvet green,
 And there the Wicklow mountains far are seen;
 Here the white swan swims proudly o'er the pond,
 And boldly sues for favours at my hand; 270
 And there the deer from woodlands graze the
 plain,
 Or timid seek their genial woods again:
 Deep in the midst of yonder shady scene,
 Where blossom'd hawthorns deck the verdant
 green,
 The city Strephon and his darling maid, 275
 With love's soft language bless the sylvan shade;
 There musing melancholy wastes her hours,
 While sorrow's sighs soft echo thro' the bow'rs;
 There oft neglected merit all alone
 Obscurely pines, to wealth and pride unknown.

Help'd by the halter or the passive knife,
There too the suicide destroys his life,
Usurps a pow'r that ne'er to man was giv'n,
And wrests the thunder from the hand of heav'n,

Ah! who are they that all their vigour bend 285
In yonder vale each other's life to end,
Successively the sword and pistol try,
Reciprocally bent to kill or die;
Stung by the fiend revenge for shallow cause
The tavern brawl decides by honour's laws, 290
Some word mistaken, or some p—y quean,
Leaves bosom friends all breathless on the plain;
While the poor quiet deer astonish'd eyes
The monster man, and from his presence flies.

Th' pitying muse turns from those scenes away,
To where yon band their azure harp display;
Wide o'er the plain which westerly declines,
In bright array come forth the martial lines,
They march, by virtuous CHARLEMONT review'd,
With order, discipline, and strength endu'd. 300
Hail, band of patriots! brother warriors hail!
The firm supporters of the common weal,
True Volunteers in virtue's freedom's cause,
Defenders of our liberty and laws;
The hydra discord dare appear no more, 305
Nor Gallia point her thunders at our shore,
While unanimity, great freedom's soul,
Pervades each rank, and close connects the whole;
The

The day may come to better use apply'd,
 Than guarding air balloons by Liffey's side, 310
 When unto foreign climes with vengeance hurl'd,
 Your Irish thunders rattle round the world,
 Making each despot tremble on his throne,
 And armed hosts Hibernia's freedom own.

Sweet park, to all thy verdant charms adieu,
 No more thy fair Elysiums rise to view,
 For not to summer's bloom confin'd, I sing
 The sportive joys that colder seasons bring,
 When winter howling o'er the country scene,
 And arm'd with tempests desolates the green; 320
 When from the north the haggard storms arise,
 And nitrous atoms throng the gelid skies;
 When the long night curtails the shorten'd day,
 And sol, in mourning, lends a feeble ray,
 Just peeping from the south beholds the plain, 325
 And sinks lamenting to the seas again.
 When ice the stream's augmented current chains,
 And snow descending whitens all the plains;
 Hills, vales and woodlands undistinguish'd lie,
 And with a weary blank offend the eye; 330
 Then (to the skies their margins sounding loud)
 The frozen ponds admit the skating crowd,
 All Dublin's sons pour forth their skill to try,
 And curving rapid o'er the surface fly,
 In graceful attitudes a thousand ways, 335
 And equal poiz'd they mingle in the maze;

While

While as some wight unskilful falls around,
 Derision's shouts thro' all the crowd resound,
 Skait on, gay youths, nor envying wish to share
 The huntsman's triumph o'er the timid hare, 340
 Nor join the fowler's sport who yonder reves,
 And more than winter desolates * the groves;
 Trust me, He who omniscient looks on all,
 Counts ev'ry hare, and sees the sparrow fall;
 With frowne beholds the wanton waste of blood,
 But smiling shields the skaiter from the flood;
 The unstain'd recreation pleas'd He eyes,
 By which not e'en his meanest creature dies.
 Hail! guiltless sport, congenial to my mind,
 In which delight with innocence is join'd; 350
 Which to the wint'ry desert charms bestows,
 And warms the frame tho' icy Boreas blows.
 Let rich men kill the game, and laws employ
 To shield from others that themselves destroy;
 Let booby squires pursue the frighted hare, 355
 Their cubs pour leaden vengeance thro' the air;
 Anglers with baited hook the fish deceive,
 And villains make unwary maids believe;
 While each (his pity in his pleasure drown'd)
 Proclaims it sport when ruin spreads around. 360
 But be it mine, amid the active throng,
 On sounding skaits to curve the ice along,
 Brave the cold wint'ry blast in sweet employ,
 And health and pleasure by one act enjoy.

Meanwhile,

* Imitation of Thompson.

Meanwhile, a warmer scene my wand'ring lay 365
 Invites, where courstiers bound the road away,
 All Dublin round all Dublin's beauties ride,
 And * RUTLAND's self of beauties she the pride,
 With graceful action throws the silken thong,
 As her obedient ponies prance along; 370
 That while they champ the bit the pavement paw,
 Proud of the precious burden which they draw;
 But charms like hers wou'd make the lion mild,
 And force obedience from the tyger wild;
 More fitly waited on by laughing loves, 375
 By Juno's peacocks drawn or Venus' doves.

Oft while the gilded chariots crowd the way,
 And ton and taste their equipage display,
 Some grocer's daughter panting for renown,
 Gets on a pedlar's hack arriv'd in town; 380
 With awkward attitude she jolts along,
 At once the scorn and wonder of the throng;
 But shou'd her Rosinante's modest ear
 Too sofly shun the noise approaching near,
 She now, too late, her folly doth bewail, 385
 And like John Gilpin seizeth mane and tail,
 While grandeur triumphs out, Presumptuous flint,
 Supine she falls and wallows in the dirt.

Thus

* The above eulogy, it is hoped, will not be thought to have
 fallen from the pen of adulation, her Grace of RUTLAND being
 no longer a resident here: the Author could possibly have no
 other object in view than the celebration of that beauty so uni-
 versally and justly admired in our late amiable Vice-Queen.

Thus poetasters fall from the wild asses
 They mount upon the border of Parnassus,
 Laugh'd at by bards who soar on wing'd Pegasus. }

But let me cease awhile to mount on high,
 The Grand Canal attracts me from the sky;
 See nature yielding to the pow'r of art,
 Huge quarries, rocks, and hills asunder part! 395
 Metals and min'rals forc'd their beds to leave,
 Make passage for the navigable wave;
 Soon on the finish'd work I hope to smile,
 Already made complete for many a mile;
 Then Irish coal in Dublin shall abound,
 And foreign wealth at Shannon's head be found;
 Commerce to all alike its gifts convey,
 And manufactures thrive from sea to sea.

How oft with silent rapture have I stood
 Where yonder lock controls the passing flood, 405
 While as I did the wondrous work attend,
 The passage-boats from depth to depth descend;
 Then (justly levell'd with the lower wave)
 The bottom of the water gently cleve,
 Till the poor horses (slaves to human law) 410
 Nigh to the city Balcon cease to draw.

Now turn I other beauties to rehearse,
 The ample reservoir claims my verse,
 Which to a thousand tubes imparts its store,
 While they convey it to a thousand more, 415
 Till

Till in the highest streets the water's found,
 And humid blessings flow to all around;
 In this sweet scene, neglected by the crowd,
 Who mix in throngs their guilty heads to shroud;
 Let me, by lonely meditation brought, 420
 Taste all the luxury 'of silent thought,
 Around the margin unfrequented grown,
 Save by some fond romantic swain alone;
 With retrospective view my actions trace,
 And dare to look my conscience in the face. 425
 Oft as I to the charming fount repair,
 I tremble lest Diana shou'd be there;
 For thro' the walks no single sound I hear,
 All silent speaks the bashful goddess near;
 Save where the lonely redbreast tunes his song, 430
 And moorhens flutter as they swim along.

In beauteous contrast, hark! along the Coombe,
 Resounds the labours of the busy loom;
 Briskly the nimble shuttles glide along,
 While dancing treadles time the weavers song; 435
 Smooth from the reed the well-wrought fabric flows
 In finer texture than the Persian knows,
 With warmer tints than ancient Tyrian dyes,
 Or all the morning radiance of the skies;
 Silk, wool, flax, cotton, from the artists hands, 440
 Spread vary'd blessings o'er th' ungrateful land.

Th' ungrateful land, that with a stepdame's hate,
 Gives up the labours of her sons to fate;

Scorns useful Irish arts, but with applause
 Hails English luxuries, and French gewgaws ;
 At home the sons of genius pine forlorn, 446
 Or fly to foreign climes ne'er to return ;
 And from all they hold dear far far away
 For their ungrateful country weep and pray ;
 Weavers and poets webs meet equal doom, 450
 Or wove in fancy's or the artist's loom,
 While English trash meets undeserv'd reward,
 Tho' bought like Irish frizes by the yard.

Lo ! just imported, with new filks and teas,
 Poems and pamphlets, callicoes and plays, 455
 Fit for the summer's use, as thin and light
 As ever loom did weave, or poet write,
 Are now expos'd to sale, and may be seen
 In Dame-street, Grafton-street, and College-green ;
 Pleas'd with the advertisement's novel sound, 460
 Fops, dunces, fools, and critics flock around,
 Praise every foreign trifle they behold,
 And English baubles buy with Irish gold,
 While Bookseller and draper with a smile,
 Finds DUBLIN is the bedlam of the isle. 465

Hail ! town of taste, whose fancy nought can fit,
 But smuggled bales of English wou'd-be wit,
 Odd things from London run, command your
 praise,
 Which Irish bards must copy if they'd please ;
 A louse,

A louse, a mouse, a prelate, and a flea, 470
 Ending with —iad, bear the palm away;
 Folly and froth best catch the ready pence,
 Then who that's in his senses wou'd write sense;
 No shelter here, our Irish poets fly,
 Like birds of passage, to a warmer sky; 475
 For dulness to the highest posts may rise,
 While wit must starve, or stoop to raise excise;
 Wait on the tide that laves his native shore,
 Or hearth-money collect from door to door.

Friend, if thou hast a son, a very fool, 480
 He'll make his fortune, send the boy to school;
 Soon will he learn that two and two make four,
 And, trust me, Newton knew but little more;
 Ne'er fear the dulness of his heavy head,
 His gold shall be proportion'd to his lead; 485
 For in all truth and justice, 'tis most fit
 That one shou'd wealth possess, another wit,
 Formal stupidity, with vacant face,
 Plods on to riches with a steady pace;
 While genius roaming wide no rule restrains, 490
 The end he misses, for he scorns the means.
 The dullard worlding, blest with shallow soul,
 Has no fine tender passions to control;
 The joys and griefs of pity and of love,
 While blunt each sense, his bosom ne'er can move;
 No social feelings warm his heart of stone,
 He lives for self, for sordid self alone;

Ne'er

Ne'er heaves his breast with sympathizing sighs,
 No kindred sorrows e'er fill his eyes ;
 Roll'd in himself, he scorns a pang to shew, 500
 And turns his hedgehog quills to human woe.
 If fate has giv'n thy son uncommon parts,
 A taste for science and the finer arts,
 Soon as you see the bloom of wit appear,
 Bright as the earlier blossoms of the year, 505
 Ere the great work of learning is begun,
 Oh! nip the tender bud, or he's undone,
 And thou may'st live to see his gen'rous breast,
 By others woes more than his own distress.
 See him, while stemming vice's rapid tide, 510
 Wooe certain poverty, a willing bride ;
 See the choice children of his fertile brain,
 Turn'd to some stupid artful printer's gain,
 While the great author disregarded lies,
 And shrinking back with Otway, starves and dies ;
 Or forc'd thro' penury, with shameful art,
 To act the pimp's or pander's scoundrel part,
 Assist the vices of some shallow peer,
 And fawn and cringe in state throughout the year,
 Wed some cast mistress for the lust of gain, 520
 And rise to envy'd wealth by actions mean.
 Accurst be he who'll stoop to shifts like these,
 Or tune his verse the venal Great to please ;
 Or in a cause he hates e'er wield his pen,
 The champion of dishonourable men. 525
 But ever, ever honour'd be the bard,
 Eternal glory be his great reward,

Who

Who scorning flattery's insidious art,
 Paints to rank vice the image of her heart;
 Until the Great, the Proud, tho' late, grow wise,
 And feel his sting whose honey they despise. 531

Here, * Devil, take this young *Essay* in rhyme,
 " Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before its time
 Into this snarling world, so lamely made,
 That critic dogs bark at it as they read." † 535
 And let them bark; I'll try new ways to win 'em:
 My next shall please them, or the D—I's in 'em;
 My next at Satire's noblest game shall fly—
 Reader, good night! thou'rt tir'd; and so am I.

* The Printer's Devil.

† Imitation of Richard.

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

6 DE 58

1419
D U B L I N:

A

SATIRICAL ESSAY,

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK II.

BY A YOUNG AUTHOR.

In Virtue's cause I draw a daring pen,
Defend the good, encounter wicked men.

YOUNG.

D U B L I N:

Printed by R. MARCHBANK, No. 11, Dame-street.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.



D U B L I N :

A

SATIRICAL ESSAY.

B O O K II.

N O more of Poets, let them play the Bard,
Certain of meeting merited reward ;
When Munster Parsons will their Tithes refuse,
Laureats write sense, and Proctors ask no dues :
Soon as O'K—ff—e's Pegafus mean no more 5
To genteel comedy will dare to soar,
Or lofty C—b—l—d's fine tinsel'd muse
Will deign true wit's and nature's path to chuse :
Soon as poor G—f—th will forbear to mutter
Complaints for quarr'ling with his bread and
butter : 10
Soon as O'L—ry points to error's way,
Or B—h—ps love, and W—tl-y hate, to pray :

New themes arise. My muse, say, wilt thou dare
To sing the splendid domes of Merion-square ;
Where

Where great false grandeur lolls in velvet ease, 15
 Where falser pleasures cloy, but never please;
 Where smiles still falser signs of joy impart,
 < While unaffected anguish rends the heart.
 Or wilt thou tell, what all the town can see,
 That Queen's-bridge five has, Essex arches three;
 That while thro' these high elegant and wide 21
 Alternate ebbs and flows the Liffey's tide,
 The rest all architecture's laws defy,
 And give each order of the five the lie;
 Teach me to sing the noise of Essex-street, 25
 And make immortal all the cars I meet;
 Tell what coal-porter swiftest drives along,
 And tramps to death most children in the throng.
 Or say, when lame the Custom-house had grown,
 And could, poor thing, no longer stand alone, 30
 How it gain'd crutches, scorn'd the stinking tide,
 Hopp'd down the stream, and gain'd the other side;
 And how, two cent'ries hence, some honest men
 May lend it crutches back to hop again,
 Hug their dear country's marrow from the bone,
 And turn Hibernia's wealth to Portland stone.
 Or shall I now each chequer'd scene survey,
 To mark in throngs the bustle of the day,
 In Rutland-square to view the great, the proud,
 On Essex-bridge to bustle with the croud; 40
 Wade, with Moll Flagon, Copper-alley's mire,
 Or soar triumphant to St. Patrick's spire.
 But first, with reverential awe awhile,
 Let me admire the venerable pile;

While

While as its hallow'd bounds, expanded wide, 45
 In all the antique pomp of gothic pride,
 My wonder raiseth with my ravish'd eye,
 High as ascends its steeple in the sky :
 O let me to the sacred place repair,
 Long dedicate to worship and to pray'r, 50
 With smiles to view, arrang'd on either hand,
 Saint Patrick's knights armorial ensigns stand ;
 Whose swords and burnished helmets shine confest,
 Each to the eye reflecting all the rest.
 No more let England Bath's proud knighted host,
 Nor e'en her garter's ancient honours boast,
 Since lords and princes, long the pride of fame,
 Have crown'd their glory with saint Patrick's name.
 May th' illustrious order still be found
 Attach'd to Irish worth, on Irish ground, 60
 And ne'er debas'd to deck a fawning knave,
 To vile corruption, and to vice a slave ;
 But pure transmitted to posterity,
 While shamrocks grow and Irishmen are free.

Now to the spacious dreary isle I turn, 65
 To drop a tear on yonder hallow'd urn,
 Where SWIFT reclines, vext by the world no more,
 His joyful spirit fought that happy shore,
 Where curs'd ingratitude no place can find,
 Nor disappointments e'er affect the mind. 70
 Alive, e'en critics own'd that he had wit,
 Now dead, his wisdom dulness must admit ;
 Tho'

Tho' some would have a curtain drawn between
 His nicer pieces and the low obscene,
 Yet vice and folly find that, to their cost, 75
 He painted truest where he daub'd the most;
 And if he e'er to filth a mirror held,
 'Twas love of cleanliness the act impell'd.
 Dear to his patriot breast, his country dear
 Oft cost him many a line and many a tear; 80
 But finding vain each wish, each effort vain,
 To bring a croud to reason, long insane,
 He built a bedlam to enforce his rules,
 And turn'd stark-mad to find the nation fools.
 Great, helpless bard! thy last sad scene of woe, 85
 And former genius, give mankind to know,
 Tho' bright the flame which animates our clod,
 'Tis very darkness in the sight of God.

Ah! let me fly this gloom, and shift the scene,
 Suppose, for novelty, to College-green, 90
 Where, rais'd on high, equestrian William shows,
 In warlike majesty, his Roman nose;
 While from his base the copious water flow,
 Surrounded by the motley crowd below;
 Th' athletic chairman here with ample smile, 95
 Abates his thirst, and talks of flames awhile,
 Which at first look within his bosom 'rose,
 Bright as the candle in his lantern glows;
 While Bess, the kitchen maid, attends his tale,
 And sprinkles love-drops on him from her pail. 100
 The

The footy sweep here wafheth down the ſmoke,
 Forgets his cares, and cracks the merry joke;
 Without a ſigh beholds the pomp of ſtate,
 And pities all the miſ'ries of the great.
 Here, too, the ſhoe-boy, verſ'd in comic glee, 105
 From nature's fountain ſpouts the repartee,
 While, unembarras'd by the flow'rs of art,
 The jeſt, ſtark-naked, ſeizeth on the heart.

O now the Univerſity I ſpie,
 Expanded wide, attracting ev'ry eye, 110
 Where ſcience doth on ſons of genius ſmile,
 Or teacheth dunces how to ſhame our iſle.
 Parent of wiſdom, learning, virtue, fame,
 Thou nurſe of merit with the ſacred name,
 Pleas'd have I view'd thy ſtudious pupils ſhine 115
 In depths of learning, never to be mine;
 While the bright blooming honours of the age,
 Whoſe parts adorn the ſenate, church, and ſtage,
 Are great examples, held to Europe's view,
 Of what at home poor Irifhmen can do. 120
 And Oxford, Cambridge too, with envy ſee,
 Proud England owe her brighteſt gems to thee.
 Meanwhile forgive th' unletter'd poet's lays,
 Who midſt of ſatire offers thee his praiſe,
 And from a ſtranger, to thy walls receive 125
 This willing tribute, all he hath to give;
 Untutor'd in thy lore, I juſt aſpire
 To rev'rence wiſdom I can ne'er acquire.
 Freſhmen,

Freshmen, the freedom of my lines may blame,
 And junior sophisters deny me fame; 130
 'Twill hurt not me: but should this humble lay
 Find to some senior fellow's ear the way,
 He haply pleas'd, 'twill yield me greater joys
 Than all the praise of all the College boys.
 Now, while from intellectual labour freed, 125
 The student strives at bowls to gain the meed,
 Relaxing from the studies of the day,
 He wisely lends an hour to active play:
 Let me, unbending too my mental pow'rs,
 Waste in the College-park the sultry hours, 144
 Sequester'd from the town there silent rove,
 Think of my griefs, and tune my pipe to love:
 Or to the Museum an hour repair,
 Delighted, viewing all the wonders there;
 Beholding, now their threat'ning terrors fled, 145
 The rattlesnake and alligator's head;
 See fashion'd by the curious artist's hand,
 In miniature, the Giants Causeway stand.
 Within a bottle here a reel I meet,
 His wondrous work, who had nor hands nor feet,
 And there his writing, more admired by all
 Than was of old the writing on the wall.
 What sweet sensations in my bosom rise,
 When Bryan Boro's lyre attracts my eyes;
 I pant to hear our native bards once more, 155
 And Irish harpers play from shore to shore.
 But I in vain each wonder would rehearse,
 Toads, serpents, bats and ferrets, crowd my verse;
 Ores,

Ores, min'rals, spars and fossils, grits and stones,
 Mummies and medals, butterflies and bones ; 160
 All seeking eager for their share of praise,
 Drag the poor muse a thousand diff'rent ways ;
 While she to antiquarians leaves their fame,
 And fondly seeks for some more solid theme.

Silence that bell ! methinks I hear afar. 165
 The jangling clamours of the noisy bar,
 Where in the courts stern justice holds the scale,
 And half a hair makes either side prevail ;
 Where, oft too late, the poorer clients see
 That no man's case is good without a fee. 170
 The pils'ring wretch, condemn'd to hang in state,
 Mourns more the want of riches than his fate,
 And thinks small villains are condemn'd to die,
 That mighty plunderers may rise on high,
 Beyond the reach of justice bravely start, 175
 And have more room to act the villain's part ;
 For that where pow'rful wealth can find a flaw
 Murders manslaughter, open robb'ry, law ;
 Who steals a sheep must lose his forfeit life,
 While the wretch lives who robs you of your wife.
 'Tis true the ravisher meets just disgrace, 180
 The gibbet stares the murd'rer in the face ;
 Great sons of Treason on the scaffold die,
 And the rope lifts the humbler rebel high ;
 But where's the punishment for him array'd, 185
 Who blasts the virtue of an helpless maid ?

F

Where

Where is the magistrate, with pow'r endu'd
 By law, to punish damn'd ingratitude?
 Or the destruction pour'd upon that head,
 Reeking adult'rous from the injur'd bed? 195
 No: this is game for which the great can pay,
 Lay down your damages and seize your prey.

But how shall laws be made to tame the will,
 While boys of twenty-one * the senate fill!
 Pert beardless cubs, that yelp each side the house,
 Or sit as meek and silent as a mouse; 196
 Changing alternately as things do go,
 Their No for Aye, and then their Aye for No;
 Regardless of their hapless country's doom,
 If they can strut, dress, powder, and perfume. 200
 This calls me back to College-green again,
 I must not miss my lords and gentlemen.
 Hear this, you things with stars and ribands gay,
 Or coin'd five hundred years, or yesterday; *
 Whether your honours stamp, new from the fire,
 Originating with yourself or fire, 206
 Weigh'd in the scales, beneath the standard's found,
 Nor passeth current twenty miles around;
 Or you who take your title from some foe,
 By proxy, slain a thousand years ago, 210

Lay

* Neither of the above remarks is meant to include all. Young Marcus bids fair to arrive at the excellence of his Roman namesake Marcus Tullius Cicero. And Leitrinio wears his new-got long-merited honours with becoming lustre and dignity.

Lay claim to honours won before the flood,
 Yourself perhaps nor valiant wife or good;
 'Twere well, when titles fell to you and you,
 That virtues were hereditary too;
 Then never would the base degen'rate son
 Disgrace the motto by his father won,
 Nor rampant lion, grinning as in scorn,
 A coward's gilded chariot adorn.

Now would I stay my rash indignant pen,
 Lest I should wrong some honourable men,
 But that fresh game in view below I spie,
 The House of C-mm-ns now attracts my eye;
 The lower house whence G—— our gracious K——
 Calls up to titles many a graceless thing,
 Must be untenanted in twenty years;
 For who'll make C-mm-ns fast as he makes P——.
 Well doth his M——y, God bless him, know
 The art to make a friend out of a foe;
 Places and pensions make small fools his slaves,
 And titles buy Right Honourable Knaves;
 E'en Patriots, rightly ply'd within the hour,
 From bold opposers turn to Pimps of Pow'r.
 I'd know a patriot member by his face,
 For all are patriots who are out of place,
 Would fain be in, but born with palates nice;
 They think the Premier bids too low a price;
 Increase the shining bait, they'll soon lay hold,
 And sell their country for a mess of gold;

Or

Or as some modern writers wisely tell,
 A vote from Parliament may do as well: 249
 This Hypsiboas knew, who is no chicken,
 And fifty thousand pounds was pretty picking.
 A silver head-ach once in former days,
 Silenc'd the thunder of Demosthenes;
 But modern Philips roll a golden tide, 245
 That e'en might turn our Irish Flood aside;
 Yet what, tho' dire disease, in days of yore,
 A bridge broke down, and damn'd our Flood before,
 Still incorruptible his patriot stream
 Of elocution flows along to fame, 250
 While his unfathomable depth of sense
 Rolls in a torrent of strong eloquence,
 Bursting resistless thro' the slender mound
 Of ministerial orat'ry around;
 Bearing fair freedom on its billows high 255
 And whelming in its waves foul tyranny.
 Enough of that; hark to the grand debate
 On business of last import to the state:
 Young Polyphonus just broke loose from school,
 At once to play the orator and fool, 260
 Starts on his legs and hopes, with hat in hand,
 The house's whole attention to command;
 He opes his jaws, with bosom nothing fearing,
 And, "Mister Speaker, Sir, I beg a hearing:"
 Each scribbling wight now catches at the sound, 265
 While, "Hear him, hear him," echoes all around,
 Well, let him now go on, and on he goes:
 "Who wars with England, fir, are England's foes;
 What

What territory can she call her own,
 But in four Quarters of the world alone? 270
 Tho' Heyder Ally now is dead and gone,
 There are more eastern princes sure than one;
 The loss of sweet Jamaica much I fear,
 For P've a lick'rish tooth, and sugar's dear;
 Then here at home we play a pretty game, 275
 For White and Right Boys are the very same;
 And let me, Mister Speaker, add again,
 Our Irish Volunteers are Irishmen."
 Hence he concludes, with observation just,
 That if Hibernia must be free she must. 280
 Next morn at Daly's snatching up the news,
 His name in the debate with transport views;
 Reads other thoughts in other words array'd,
 And wonders at the speech he never made:
 'Tis thus that science laid on grov'ling minds, 285
 More to his native earth each blockhead binds,
 Hail, source of science, heav'n-born genius, hail!
 Abstract from thee, can study aught avail?
 In vain the dunce tries academic rule,
 In vain the labour of the College fool; 290
 Genius alone makes men of learning shine,
 And bids the poet write the flowing line;
 Convinceth from the pulpit and the bar,
 And guides with able hands the reins of war;
 Gives the physician ample pow'r to heal, 295
 And in the senate rules the commonweal.
 What, tho' the stranger wrapt in vast surprise,
 Th' exterior beauties of the fabrick eyes,
 While

While thro' the high Ionic pillars rows,
 Nightly with lights the grand piazza glows : 300
 Illum'd by Foster, who bright wisdom's ray
 Sheds in the house, and darkness turns to day ;
 Yet, most within to wisdom, virtue dead,
 Hold forth the shadow, but the soul has fled ;
 And banish, while they eloquence display, 305
 Exalted, fine and common sense away.
 To bar and senate, now, I bid good night,
 Divinity and physick are in fight ;
 And well may happy Dublin proudly boast,
 Her soul and body doctors mighty host ; 310
 The wise physician, strutting from the College,
 With Hippocrates art and Galen's knowledge,
 Prescribes his potions, boluses and pills,
 By far more fatal than Pandora's ills ;
 Till souls affrighted from their bodies fly, 315
 And parents, children, wives and husbands die.
 See Doctor Bulb, not far from Grafton-street,
 Grim Pestle, the apothecary, meet ;
 Good morrow, Doctor ! Pestle dear, good morrow !
 Why in your face are all these signs of sorrow ? 320
 Why look so surly without rhyme or reason,
 Have not we had a blessed sickly season ?
 True, Doctor, true ; but now our work is done,
 Agues and pleurisies, with spring, are gone ;
 Till autumn comes, with all her hopeful train, 325
 We scarce shall see one sickly face again ;
 You know, dear Doctor, 'tis the first approaches
 Of heat and cold that keep us in our coaches.

Fear

Fear not, dear Pestle, business cannot fail,
 Peg Plunket's doing for us with her t——l; 330
 With full five hundred more, of high renown,
 Now private, soon will be upon the town:
 I need not tell you how to act your part,
 You have it from my recipes by heart:
 That the apothecary fee'd to cure, 335
 Should be the first to p—— again the w——;
 Then we shall have the Bishops by whole dozens,
 With all the Peers and Commons and their cousins:
 A Duke or two, perhaps we can't have more,
 With lawyers and attornies many a score; 340
 Enraptur'd I the pleasing prospect view,
 Industrious folk have something still to do.
 Pestle, farewell; dear doctor Bulb, adieu! }

Now prosper long our drowsy parsons all,
 What woeful sermons from their pulpits fall*; 345
 Down sink their words, like dough devoid of leav'n,
 And seldom lift a single soul to heaven:
 But fiercely wielding controversy's rod,
 They wittily pervert the word of God;
 While list'ning demons clap their wings afar, 350
 And rebel angels blow the trump of war.
 Then while old errors pure religion stain,
 While novel doctrines rend the church in twain;
 While rival priests, condemning all the rest,
 Proclaim their own opinions as the best. 355
 Sure,

* Parody of Chevy Chase.

Sure, midst the discord of religious strife,
 He, mindless of the priest-craft forms of life,
 Upon the surest, best foundation stands,
 Who loves his God, and keeps his great commands;
 Who for salvation on no form relies, 360
 Whose priest is CHMST, whose altar * earth, sea,
 Skies;
 Who looks beyond the sectary's small plan,
 And views a brother in each righteous man;
 To men and brutes his love and mercy shews,
 And hopes in heav'n to meet his greatest foes †.
 It is not mine, on Pegasean wing, 366
 Of steeples heights and holy walls to sing;
 Whether with magic circles compass'd round,
 To keep off Devils from the hallow'd ground;
 Like gay Saint Andrew's, or the cross built ones,
 Like Gothic Christ-church, or the plain-like John's;
 Nor shall my muse the chanter's music try,
 Nor with the loud-ton'd organ's dare to vie,
 While the performer, flourishing, essays
 To shew his skill, more than to utter praise. 375
 Satire I write; and vice with vengeance due
 (Tho' she reside in churches) I'll pursue;
 Strip her, tho' rev'rend dress the Fiend adorns,
 And stab the monster at the altar's horns:

Have

* Vide Pope's Universal Prayer.

† "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Micah vi. 8.

Have at you, sunshine christians, where you smile,
 In glitt'ring pews, or flaunt along the isle.
 My lord and lady spent six nights and days
 At balls and races, masquerades and plays;
 By vice and folly lur'd, the whole week round
 They fought for bliss, but misery they found: 385
 And Sunday come, they deign'd, 'twas very odd,
 To honour with their pray'rs the house of God;
 Anew with more convenience to begin,
 Two pious hours expunge the week of sin;
 'Twas hurry'd o'er, they drove off sep'rate ways,
 She to her gallant, he to Sally Hayes *. 391

To Delia, long the idol of the town,
 Lords, knights, and common council-men bow
 down;
 She goes to church! you ask what does she there?
 Is it the work of worship and of pray'r? 395
 Is it to seek the blessed aid of grace,
 And with offended Goodness make her peace?
 No: Delia goes to see her vot'ries nod,
 And at his altar triumph o'er her God;
 Shrin'd in the pride of Europe and the East, 400
 The milliner-made goddess shines confest;
 Assumes imperial Juno's stately mien,
 And apes the graces of the Paphian queen:
 Her panting breasts, half bare, arrest the sight,
 And give a prospect of unblest delight; 405

G

While

* A late celebrated courtesan.

While lust darts wildly thro' her humid eyes,
 She vents each wanton wish in am'rous sighs;
 She seems to pray behind her spreading fan,
 To hide her face from that vile creature man;
 Yet doth one side a tempting cheek disclose, 410
 And smiles appointments with an hundred beaux;
 An hundred beaux all gazing on her charms,
 Who wish no Heav'n but that in Delia's arms.
 Fly, ye profaners of the house of pray'r,
 And to the stews unhallow'd walls repair; 415
 There deal your glances, lewd desires allay,
 And in your carnal raptures die away;
 Be moderately damn'd, wage common war,
 Nor in his mansion the Almighty dare.

Old Debit goes to claim a place in Heav'n, 420
 His virtues plead and have his sins forgiv'n;
 He thanks his God he never sought a wife,
 Nor one bad bargain made in all his life;
 He pays his debts and taxes soon as due,
 And snores two hours each Sunday in his pew, 425
 All doctor Dullman's texts remembers well,
 Tho' of his sermons not a word can tell;
 And if he e'er was tempted to bestow,
 Sixpence at once to penury and woe,
 He hopes the crime will ne'er be brought to charge,
 But God forgive the heart he made too large;
 Then homeward turns, and loudly at the door
 Gingles his blessed penny to the poor,

Departs

Departs in peace, resolv'd with conscience sound
To lie, and cant, and cheat the whole week round.

For this vile mockery that shames our days,
This specious mimickry of pray'r and praise,
We may with tears thank our right rev'rend drones,
To whose tame arguments all hearts are stones :
'Tis not round periods and a flowing stile 440
That can the passions from their paths beguile ;
Nor have I ever known conversion wrought
By any fine-spun metaphysic thought :
Impassion'd language 'tis, that, bold and strong,
Speaks to rude nature in her mother tongue ;
Old Sin and Satan frights with loud alarm, 446
And carries all the fort within by storm.

Thus near the Nation's bank the starch'd True-
blue,
Where Mary's-abbey widest greets the view,
His cushion thumps with many a hearty blow, 450
And saves the sinner wheth'r he will or no.

At Eve's and Adam's thus in Chapel-lane
Old Kyrie Eleison makes his doctrine plain ;
Roars Purgatory loud till all comply,
For while he thumps around who dare deny. 455

Thus in the pile that bears Bethesda's name,
The preachers raise th'enthusiastic flame ;
Exalt.

Exalt the passions, strike calm reason low,
And gain a proselyte at ev'ry blow.

Tho' rival priests pursue a diff'rent aim, 460
Yet still their outward manners are the same;
All earnest preach, and all as fervent pray,
While each attempts conversion in his way.
Alone establish'd shepherds cold and still
Give to their wand'ring sheep their giddy will, 465
Sure of the fleece, and safe from worldly evil,
They yield their flock with pleasure to the d——l.

In spite of nature bred up a divine,
Hear Spoiltext in the pulpit squeak and whine,
Ten tedious minutes upon grace and will, 470
While passion reigneth unaffected still.
But where's the puppy parson can compare
With him in newest oaths, and scented hair;
He struts along, a damning, heft'ring blade,
And curses like a trooper off parade; 475
Quaffs with avidity the rosy bowl,
And loves a pretty girl with all his soul.

As once upon a time he went to pray,
Where on his death-bed an old swaddler lay,
On snow-white handkerchief he dropt a knee, 480
Then took a pinch of his belov'd rappee:
He paus'd and ponder'd with grimace and smile,
And snuff'd and sneez'd, and hum'd and haw'd
awhile;

Arriv'd

Arriv'd at where he should have said Amen,
 He sneez'd out Demme, sneez'd and damn'd again.
 Spite of disease up starts the dying man,
 And nimbly seiz'd the parson's smooth ratan;
 "Satan, avaunt!" he cry'd, and, as he spoke,
 To Spoiltext's back apply'd the active stroke.
 "Keep from this house for ever far away, 490
 "Thou outward sheep, but inward beast of prey.
 "O brethren, brethren, brethren, still beware
 "Of parsons that wear boots and powder'd hair.
 "Go, fir," he cry'd, "and curse among your
 w——"

So, bless me, kick'd young Demme out of doors;
 And fully pleas'd with Spoiltext's just disgrace,
 He read * John Bunnian, and he died in peace.

* Author of the Pilgrim's Progress.

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

6 DE 58

In the Press and speedily will be Published,

THE THIRD BOOK OF

D U B L I N,

A

SATIRICAL ESSAY.

[Price, a British Sixpence.]

Is the Day and Night only is Evening?

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